



The Old, Old, very Old Man, or Thomas Parr, the  
Son of John Parr of Winnington, in the Parish of Al-  
berbury, in the County of Shropshire; who was borne  
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4<sup>th</sup>, being Aged, 152 Yeares and odd Monthes,  
in this yeare, 1635.



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# The Old, Old, Very Old Man: OR,

The Age and long Life of *Thomas Parr*,  
the Son of *John Parr* of *Winnington* in the  
Parish of *Alberbury*; in the County of  
*Saloppe*, (or *Shropshire*) who was Borne in  
the Raigne of King *Edward the 4<sup>th</sup>.* be-  
ing aged 152. yeares and odd  
Monethes.

R. B.  
His Manner of Life and Conversation  
in so long a Pilgrimage; his Marriages,  
and his bringing up to *London* about  
the end of *September* last. 1635.

Whereunto is Added a Postscript, shewing  
the many remarkable Accidents that  
hapned in the Life of this *Old Man*. (2)

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Written by JOHN TAYLOR.

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LONDON,

Printed for *Henry Goffen*, at his Shop on  
*London Bridge*, neere to the Gate.

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1635.

(2)

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TO  
**THE HIGH AND  
MIGHTIE PRINCE,  
CHARLES, By the Grace of God,  
King of great Britaine, France and  
Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c.**

**F**Subiects (my dread Liege) 'tis manifest,  
You have the old'st, the greatest, & the least:  
That for an Old, a Great, and Little man,  
No kingdom (sure) compare with Britain can;  
One, for his extraordinary stature,  
Guards well your gates, & by instinct of Nature  
(As hee is strong) is Loyall, True, and Just,  
Fit, and most able, for his Charge and Trust.  
The other's small and well composed feature  
Deserves the Title of a Pretty Creature:  
And doth (or may) retaine as good a mind  
As Greater men, and be as well inclin'd:

The Epistle.

Hee may be great in spir't, though small in sight,  
Whilst all his best of service, is Delight.  
The Oldest, your Subject is; but for my use,  
I make him here, the Subject of my Muse:  
And as his Aged Person gain'd the grace,  
That where his Soveraign was, to be in place,  
And kisse your Royall Hand; I humbly crave,  
His Lives Discription may Acceptance have.  
And as your Majestie hath oft before  
Look'd on my Poems; Pray reade this one more.

Your Majesties

most

Humble Subject

and

Servant,

JOHN TAYLOR.

THE OCCASION OF  
this Old Man's being brought out  
*of Shropshire to London.*

**A**S it is impossible for the Sunne to be without light , or fire to have no heate ; so is it undenieable that true Honour is as inseparably addicted to Vertue, as the Steele to the Load-stone ; and without great violence neither the one or the other can be sundred. Which manifestly appeares , in the conveying out of the Countrey, of this poore ancient Man ; Monument I may say, and almost Miracle of Nature.

For the Right Honorable, *Thomas Earle of Arundell and Surrey, Earle Marshall of England, &c.* being lately in *Shropshire* to visit some Lands and Manours which his Lordship holds in that County, or, for some other occasions of Importance, which caused his Lordship to be there. The Report of this Aged Man was certified to his Honour ; who hearing of so remarkable a Piece of Antiquity, his Lordship was pleased to see him,

and

*The very Old Man : or*

and in his Innated Noble and Christian Piety, he tooke him into his charitable tuition and protection; Commanding that a Litter and two Horses (for the more easie carriage of a man so enfeebled and worne with Age) to bee provided for him; Also, that a Daughter-in-Law of his (named *Lucye*) should likewise attend him, and have a Horse for her owne riding with him; And (to cheere up the Old Man, and make him merry) there was an Antique-fac'd-fellow, called *Jacke*, or *John the Foole*, with a high and mighty no Beard, that had also a Horse for his cariage. These all were to be brought out of the Cotintrey to *London*, by easie Iourneyes; the Charges being allowed by his Lordship, and likewise one of his Honours owne Servants, named *Brian Kelley*, to ride on horleback with them, and to attend and defray all manner of Reckonings and Expences; all which was done accordingly, as followeth.

*Winnington* is a Hamlet in the Parish of *Alberbury*, neare a place called the *Welsh Poole*, eight miles from *Shrewsbury*, from whence hee was carried to *Wim*, a Town of the Earles aforesaid; and the next day to *Shefnall*, (a Manoir Houfe of his Lordships) where they likewise staied one night; from *Shefnal* they came to *Wolverhampton*, and the next day to  
*Brimicham*.

*The Life of Thomas Parr.*

Brimicham, from thence to Coventry; and although Master Kelley had much to do to keepe the people off that pressed upon him in all places where hee came, yet at Coventry he was most opprest: for they came in such multitudes to see the Old Man, that those that defended him, were almost quite tyred and spent, and the aged man in danger to have bin stifled; and in a word, the rabble were so unruly, that Bryan was in doubt hee should bring his Charge no further; (so greedy are the Vulgar to hearken to, or gaze after novelties.) The trouble being over, the next day they past to Daventry, to stony Stratford, to Redburn, and so to London, where he is well entertain'd and accomodated with all things, having all the aforesaid Attendants, at the sole Charge and Cost of his Lordship.

*One Remarkable Passage of the Old Mans Pollicie must not be omitted or forgotten, which is thus.*

His three Leases of 63. yeares being expired, he tooke his last Lease of his Landlord (one Master John Porter) for his Life, with which Lease he hath lived more then 50. yeares (as is further hereafter declared;) but this Old Man would (for his wives sake) renew his Lease for yeares, which his Landlord would not consent unto; wherfore old Parr, (having been long blind) sitting in his chaire by

*The very Old Man : or*

the fire , his wife look'd out of the window , and perceiv'd Master *Edward Porter*, the Son of his land-lord, to come towards their house, which she told her husband, saying , Husband, our young Land-lord is comming hither : Is he so , said old *Parr* ; I prethee wife lay a Pin on the ground neere my foot, or at my right toe; which, she did; and when yong Master *Porter* (yet forty yeares old) was come into the house, after salutations between them, the Old Man said, Wife, is not that a Pin which lyes at my foot ? Truly husband, quoth she, it is a Pin indeed, so she took up the Pin, and Master *Porter* was halfe in a maze that the Old Man had recovered his sight againe ; but it was quickly found to be a witty conceit, therby to have them to suppose him to be more lively than he was , because hee hop'd to have his Lease renew'd for his wives sake , as aforesaid.

Hee hath had two Children by his first wife , a Son and a Daughter, the Boyes name was *John*, and lived but ten weekes ; the Girle was named *Joan* , and shee lived but three weeks. So that it appeares hee hath out-lived the most part of the people that are living neere there, three times over.

**The**

# The Very Old Man:

O R,

## The Life of *Thomas Parr.*

**A**N Old man's twice a child (the proverb saies)  
And many old men nere saw halfe his daies  
Of whom I write; for hee at first had life,  
When *Yorke* and *Lancasters* Domestique strife  
In her owne blood had factious *England* drench'd,  
Vntill sweet Peace those civil flames had quench'd.  
When as fourth *Edwards* raigne to end drew nigh,  
*John Parr* (a man that liv'd by Husbandry)  
Begot this *Thomas Parr*, and borne was Hee  
The yeare of fourteen hundred eighty three. . . . 1483  
And as his Fathers Living and his Trade,  
Was Plough, and Cart, Sithe, Sickle, Bill, and Spade;  
The Harrow, Mattock, Flayle, Rake, Fork, & Goad,  
And Whip, and how to Load, and to Vnload;  
Old *Tom* hath shew'd himselfe the Son of *John*,  
And from his Fathers function hath not gone.

Yet I have read of as meane Pedigrees,  
That have attain'd to Noble dignities:  
*Agathocles*, a Potters Son, and yet  
The Kingdome of *Sicilia* hee did get.

The very Old Man: or

Great Tamberlaine, a Scythian Shepherd was,  
Yet (in his time) all Princes did surpassee.

First Ptolomey (the King of Agypt's Land)  
A poore mans Son of Alexander's Band.

Dioclesian, Emperour, was a Scriveners Son,  
And Proba from a Gard'ner th'Empire won.

Pertinax was a Bondmans Son, and wan  
The Empire; So did Valentinian,  
Who was the off-spring of a Rope-maker,  
And Maximinus of a Mule-driver.

And if I on the truth doe rightly glance,  
Hugh Capet was a Butcher, King of France.

By this I have digrest, I have exprest  
Promotion comes not from the East or West.

So much for that, now to my Theame againe:  
This Thomas Parr hath liv'd th'expired Raigne  
Of ten great Kings and Queenes, th'eleventh now  
The Scepter, (blest by th'ancient of all days) (sways  
Hee hath surviv'd the Edwards, fourth, and fist;  
And the third Richard, who made many a shifte  
To place the Crowne on his Ambitious head;  
The seventh & eighth brave Henries both are dead  
Sixt Edward, Mary, Phillip, Elizabeth,  
And blest remembred James, all these by death  
Have changed life, and almost 'leven yeares since  
The happy raigne of Charles our gracious Prince,

Tom

*The Life of Thomas Parr.*

Tom Parr hath liv'd, as by Record appeares  
Nine Monthes, one hundred fifty, and two yeares.  
Amongst the Learn'd, 'tis held in generall,  
That every seventh yeare's Climactericall,  
And dang'rous to mans life, and that they be  
Most perillous at th' Age of sixty three,  
Which is, nine Climactericals; but this Man  
Of whom I wite, (since first his life began)  
Hath liv'd of Climactericals such plenty,  
That he hath almost out-liv'd two and twenty.  
For by Records, and true Certificate,  
From Shropshire late, Relations doth relate,  
That Hee liv'd 17 yeares with John his Father,  
And 18 with a Master, which I gather  
To be full thirty-five; his Sires deceased  
Left him soule yeares Possession of a Lease;  
Which past, Lewis Porter Gentleman, did then  
For twenty one yeares grant his Lease agen  
That Lease expir'd, the Son of Lew's calld John,  
Let him the like Lease, and that time being gone,  
Then Hugh, the Son of John (last nam'd before)  
For one and twenty yeares sold one Lease more.  
And lastly, he hath held from John, Hugh's Son,  
A Lease for's life these fifty yeares, out-run:  
And tillold Thomas Parr, to Earth againe  
Returne, the last Lease must his owne remaine,

died

B 3

Thus

*The very Old Man : or*

I thus having shew'd th' extention of his Age,  
I'll shew some Actions of his Pilgrimage.

A tedious time a Batchelour hee tarried,  
Full eightie yeares of age before he married:  
His Continence, to question I'll not call,  
Mans frailtie's weake, and oft doth slip and fall.  
No doubt but hee in fourscore yeares might find  
In Salop's Countie, females faire and kind:  
But what have I to doe with that, let passe,  
At th' age aforesaid hee first married was  
To *Jane, John Taylors Daughter*; and 'tis said,  
That she (before he had her) was a Mayd.  
With her he liv'd yeares three times ten and two,  
And then she dy'd (as all good wives will doe.)  
She dead, he ten yeares did a Widdower stay;  
Then once more ventred in the Wedlock way:  
And in affection to his first wife *Jane*,  
Hee tooke another of that name againe;  
(With whom he now doth live) she was a widow  
To one nam'd *Anthony* (and surnam'd *Adda*)  
She was (as by report it doth appeare)  
Of Gillsels Parish, in Mountgom'ry shiere,  
The Daughter of *John Lloyde* (corruptly *Flood*)  
Of ancient house, and gentle Cambrian Blood.

But hold, I had forgot, in's first wifes Time,  
Hee frayly, foully, fell into a Crime,

Which

*The Life of Thomas Parr.*

Which richer, poorer, older men, and younger,  
More base, more noble, weaker men, and stronger  
Have falne into.  
The Cytherean, or the Paphæan game,  
That thundring Jupiter did oft inflame;  
Most cruell cut-throat Mars layd by his Armes,  
And was a slave to Loves Inchanting charmes,  
And many a Pagan god, and semi-god,  
The common road of lustfull love hath trod:  
For from the Emp'rour to the russet Clowne,  
All states, each sex, from Cottage to the Crownte,  
Have in all Ages since the first Creation,  
Bin foyld, & overthrown with Loves temptation:  
So was old *Thomas*, for he chanc'd to spy  
A Beauty, and Love entred at his eye,  
Whose pow'rfull motion drew on sweet consent,  
Consent drew Action, Action drew Content,  
But when the period of those joyes were past,  
Those sweet delights were sourely sauc'd at last.  
The flesh retaines, what in the Bone is bred,  
And one Cokt tooth was then in old Toms head,  
It may be he was guld as some have bin,  
And suffred punishment for others sinne;  
For pleasures like a Trap, a grin, or snare,  
Or (like a painted harlot) seemes most faire;  
But when she goes away, and takes her leave,  
No ugly Beast so foul a shape can have.

Fair

*The very Old Man: or*

Faire *Katherin Milton*, was this Beauty bright,  
(Faire like an Angel, but in weight too light)  
Whose fervent feature did inflame so far  
The Ardent fervour of old *Thomas Parr*,  
That for Lawes satisfaction, twas thought meet,  
He should be purg'd, by standing in a Sheet,  
Which aged (He) one hundred and five yeare,  
In *Alberbury's Parish Church* did weare.  
Should All that so offend, such Pennance doe,  
Oh, what a price would Linnen rise unto,  
All would be turn'd to sheets, our shirts & smocks  
Our Table linnen, very Porters Frocks!  
Would hardly scape trans-forming, but all's one,  
He suffred, and his Punishment is done.

But to proceed, more serious in Relation,  
He is a Wonder, worthy Admiration,  
Hee's (in these times fill'd with Iniquity)  
No Antiquary, but *Antiquity*;  
For his Longevity's of such extent,  
That hee's a living mortall Monument.  
And as high Towres, that seeme the sky to shoul-  
By eating Time, consume away, and molder, (der)  
Vntill at last in piece meale they doe fall;  
Till they are buried in their Ruines All:  
So this Old Man, his limbs their strength have left,  
His teeth all gone, (but one) his sight bereft,

His

*The Life of Thomas Parr.*

His sinewes shrunk, his blood most chill and cold,  
Small solace, Imperfections manifold :  
Yet still his sp'rits possesse his mortall Trunk ;  
Nor are his senses in his ruines shrunk,  
But that his Hearing's quicke, his stomacke good,  
Hee'l feed well, sleep well, well digest his food.  
Hee will speake heartily, laugh, and be merry ;  
Drinke Ale, and now and then a cup of Sherry ;  
Loves Company, and Vnderstanding talke,  
And (on both sides held up) will sometimes walk.  
And though old Age his face with wrinkles fill,  
He hath been handsome, and is comely still,  
Well fac'd; and though his Beard not oft corrected,  
Yet neate it growes, not like a Beard neglected,  
From head to heele, his body hath all over,  
A Quick-set, Thick-set nat'rall hairy cover.  
And thus (as my dull weake Invention can)  
I have Annatomiz'd this poore Old Man.

Though Age be incident to most transgressing,  
Yet Time well spent, makes Age to be a blessing.  
And if our studies would but daign to look,  
And seriously to ponder Natures Booke,  
We there may read, that Man, the noblest Creature,  
By ryot and excesse doth murder Nature.  
This man nere fed on deare compounded dishes,  
Of Metamorphos'd beasts, fruits, fowls, and fishes,

C

The

The very Old Man : or

The earth, and ayre, the bboundlesse Ocean  
Were never rak'd nor forrag'd for this Man ;  
Nor ever did Physician to (his cost)  
Send purging Physick through his guts in post :  
In all his life time he was never knowne,  
That drinking others healths, he lost his owne ;  
The Dutch, the French, the Greek, and Spanisb Grape,  
Upon his reason never made a Rape ;  
For Ry't, is for Troy an Annagram ;  
And Ryot wasted Troy, with sword and flame :  
And surely that which will a Kingdome spill,  
Hath much more power one silly man to kill,  
Whilst sensuality the Pallat pleases,  
The body's fill'd with sursets, and diseases ;  
By Ryot (more than War) men slaughtered be,  
From which confusion this Old Man is free.  
He once was catch'd in the Venerall Sin,  
And (being punish'd) did experiance win,  
That carefull feare his Conscience so did strike,  
He never would againe attempt the like.  
Which to our understandings may expresse  
Mens dayes are shortned through lasciviousnesse,  
And that a competent contenting Dyt  
Makes men live long, and soundly sleepe in quiet.  
Mistake me not, I speake not to debar  
Good fare of all sorts; for all Creatures are

Made

*The Life of Thomas Parr.*

Made for mans use, and may by Man be us'd,  
Not by voracious Gluttony abus'd.  
For hee that dares to scandall or deprave  
Good houſ-keeping ; Oh hang up ſuch a Knave,  
Rather commend ( what is not to be found)  
Then injure that w<sup>ch</sup> makes the world renouwnd.  
*Bounty* hath got a ſpice of *Lethargie*,  
And liberall noble *Hospitallity*  
Lyes in conſumption, almoſt pin'd to death,  
And *Charity* benum'd, neere out of Breath.  
May Englands few good houſ-keepers be bleſt  
With endleſſe Glory, and eternall Reſt ;  
And may their Goods, Lands, and their happy ſeed  
With heav'n's beſt Bleſſings multiply and breed.  
'Tis madneſſe to build heigh with ſtone and lime,  
Great houses, that may ſeeme the Clouds to clime,  
With ſpacious Halls, large Galleries, brave roomes  
Fit to receive a King, Peeres, Squires and Groomes;  
Amongſt which rooms, the devill hath put a Witch  
And made a ſmall *Tobacco-box* the Kitchin ; (in,  
For *Covetouneſſe* the Mint of Mischiefe is,  
And *Christian Bounty* the High-way to Bliffe.  
To weare a Farm in ſhoο-ſtrings edg'd with gold,  
And ſpangled Garters worth a Coppy hold :  
A hōſe and dublet; which a Lordſhip coſt,  
A gawdy cloake (three Manours price almoſt)

*The every Old Man : or*

A Beaver, Band, and Feather for the head,  
(Priz'd at the Churches tythe, the poor mans bread)  
For which the Wearers are fear'd, and abhorr'd  
Like Ieroboams golden Calves ador'd.

This double, treble aged man, I wot,  
Knowes and remembers when these things were  
Good wholesome labour was his exercise, (not;  
Down w<sup>th</sup> the Lamb, & with the Lark would rise,  
In myre and toyling sweat hee spent the day, <sup>say 1</sup>  
And (to his Teame) hee whistled Time away : A  
The Cock his night-Clock, and till day was done,  
His Watch, and chiese Sun-Diall, was the Sun.

Hee was of old Pitthagoras opinion, <sup>is it y</sup> (onion)  
That greene cheese was most wholesome (with an  
Course Mesclin bread, and for his daily swig,  
Milk, Butter-milk, and Water, Whay, and Whig;  
Sometimes Metheglin, and by fortune happy,  
Hee sometimes sip't a Cup of Ale most nappy,  
Syder, or Perry, when hee did repaire  
T'a Whitson Ale, Wake, Wedding, or a Faire,  
Or when in Christmas time hee was a Guest  
At his good Land-lords house amongst the rest :  
Else hee had little leasure Time to waste,  
Or (at the Alehouse) huffe-cap Ale to taste.  
Nor did hee ever hunt a Taverne Fox,  
Nere knew a Coach, Tobacco, or the Pox;

His

*The Life of Thomas Parr.*

His Physick was good Butter, which the soyle  
Of Salop yields, more sweet than Candy ayld,  
And Garlick hee esteem'd above the rate of MwoH  
Of Venice-Triacle, or best Mitbrideate.  
Hec entertain'd no Corpse, nor did hee fayre  
The ayre was good, and cleare, and cheare,  
Whilte Moyses and David singed Nightingales  
Did chane him. Round thys, and Midnights  
Thus living within bounds of Natures Lawes,  
Of his long lasting life may be some cause,  
For though th' almighty all man's daies do measure,  
And doth dispose of life and death at pleasure,  
Yet Nature being wrong'd by mans dayes & end datt  
May be abridg'd, and God may not tolerate d none.

But had the Father of this Thomas Parr dwelt  
His Grand-father, and his Great grand-father,  
Had their lives thredes so longe a longe been spun,  
They (by succession) might from Sire to Son have  
Have been unwritten Chronicles, and by  
Tradition shew Times mutability.  
Then Parr might say he heard his Father well,  
Say that his Grand-sire heard his Father tell  
The death of famous Edward the Confessor,  
(Harrold) and William Conquerour his successor;  
How his Son Robert wan Ierusalem,  
Ore-came the Sarazens, and Conquer'd them.

The Every Old Man : or

How Rufus raign'd, and's Brother Henry next,  
And how usurping Stew<sup>n</sup>n this Kingdome vext :  
How Maud the Empress (the first Henryes daughter)  
To gaine her Right, fill'd England full of slaughter:  
Of second Henry's Rosamond the faire,  
~~Of Richard Curteys son his brave heire,~~  
King John, and of the soule suspition  
Of Arthurs death, Johns elder Brothers Son.  
Of the third Henries long raigne (sixty yeares)  
The Barons wars, the losse of wrangling Peeres,  
How Long-shanks did the Scots & French convince,  
Tam'd Wales, and made his haples son their Prince.  
How seond Edward w<sup>s</sup> Carnarvon call'd  
Beaten by Scott<sup>s</sup>, and by his Queen in thrall  
How the third Edward, fifty yeares did raigne,  
And t'honor<sup>d</sup> Garters Order did ordaine.  
Next how the seocnd Richard liv'd and dy'd,  
And how fourth Henryes faction did divide  
The Realme with civill (most uncivill) war  
Twixt long contending Yorke and Lancaster  
How the fift Henry swayd, and how his son  
Sixt Henry, a sad Pilgrimage did run.  
Then of fourth Edward, and faire Mistresse Shore,  
King Edwards Concubine Lord Hastings  
Then how fift Edward, murthered with a trick  
Of the third Richard, and then how that Dick  
Was

*The Life of Thomas Parr.*

Was by seventh Henries slaine at Bosworth field ;  
How he and's son th' eighth Henry here did wield  
The Scepter; how sixt Edward swayd,  
How Mary rul'd, and how that royll Mayd  
Elizabeth did Governe (best of Dames)  
And Phenix-like expir'd, and how just James  
(Another Phenix) from her Ashes claimes  
The right of Britaines Scepter, as his owne.  
But (changing for a better) left the Crowne  
Where now tis, with King Charles, and may it be  
With him, and his most blest Posterity  
Till time shall end, be they on Earth renown'd,  
And after with Eternity be crown'd. (ding)  
Thus had Parr had good breeding, (without rear-  
Hee from his sire, and Grand sires sire proceeding,  
By word of mouth might tell most famous things  
Done in the Raigns of all those Queens and Kings.  
But hee in Husbandry hath bin brought up,  
And nere did taste the Heliconian cup,  
He nere knew History, nor in mind did keepe  
Ought, but the price of Corne, Hay, Kine, or Sheep.  
Day found him work, and Night allowd him rest  
Nor did Affaires of State his braine molest.  
His high'st Ambition was, A tree to lop,  
Or at the furthest to a May-poles top,  
His Recreation, and his Mirths discourse  
Hath been the Pyper, and the Hobby-hors. And

*The very Old Man : or*

And in this simple sort , hee hath with paine ,  
From Childhood liv'd to bee a Child againe .

'Tis strange , a man that is in yeares so growne  
Should not be rich ; but to the world 'tis knowne ,  
That hee that's borne in any Land , or Nation ,  
Vnder a Twelve-pence Planet's Domination ,  
(By working of that Planets influence )  
Shall never live to be worth thirteene pence .

Whereby (although his Learning cannot show it )  
Hee's rich enough to be (like mee ) a Poet .

But er'e I doe conclude , I will relate  
Of reverend Age's Honourable state ;  
Where shall a young man good Instructions have ,  
But from the Ancient , from Experience grave ?  
*Roboam, (Sonne and Heire to Solomon)*  
Rejecting ancient Counsell , was undone  
Almost ; for ten of the twelve Tribes fell  
To *Jerabbam King of Israel*.  
And all wise Princes , and great Potentates  
Select and chuse Old men , as Magistrates ,  
Whose Wisedome , and whose reverend Aspect ,  
Knowes how and when to punish or protect .  
The Patriarkes long lives before the Flood ,  
Were given them (as 'tis rightly understood )  
To store and multiply by procreations ,  
That people should inhabit and breed Nations .

That

*The Life of Thomas Parr.*

That th' Ancients their Posterities might shew  
The secrets Deepe of Nature, how to know  
To scale the skie with learn'd *Astronomy*,  
And sound the *Oceans* deepe profundity;  
But chiefly how to serve, and to obey  
*God*, who did make them out of slime and clay;  
Should men live now, as long as they did then,  
The Earth could not sustaine the Breed of Men.  
Each man had many wives, which Bigamie,  
Was such increase to their Posterity,  
That one old man might see before he dy'd,  
That his owne only off-spring had supply'd  
And Peopled Kingdomes.  
But now so brittle's the estate of man,  
That (in Comparison) his life's a span.  
Yet since the Flood it may be proved plaine,  
That many did a longer life retaine,  
Than him I write of; for *Arphachbad* liv'd  
Foure hundred thirty eight, *Shelah* surviv'd  
Foure hundred thirty three yeares, *Eber* more,  
For he liv'd twice two hundred sixty four.  
Two hundered yeares *Terah* was alive,  
And *Abr'ham* liv'd one hundred seventy five.  
Before *Job's* Troubles, holy writ relates,  
His sons and daughters were at marriage states,  
And after his restoring, 'tis most cleare,

D

That

*The very Old Man : or*

That he surviv'd one hundred forty yeare.

*John Buttadeus* (if report be true)

Is his name that is stil'd, *The Wandring Jew,*

'Tis said, he saw our Saviour dye ; and how

He was a man then, and is living now ;

Whereof Relations you (that will) may reade ;

But pardon me, 'tis no part of my Creed.

Vpon a Germanes Age, 'tis written thus,

That one *Johannes de Temporibus*

Was Armour-bearer to brave *Charlemaigne,*

And that unto the age he did attaine

Of yeares three hundred sixty one, and then

Old *John of Times* return'd to Earth agen.

And Noble *Nestor*, at the siege of *Troy,*

Had liv'd three hundred yeares both Man and boy.

*Sir Walter Rawleigh* (a most learned Knight)

Doth of an *Irish Countesse, Desmond,* write,

Of seven score yeares of Age, he with her spake :

The Lord Saint *Albanes* doth more mention make

That she was Married in Fourth *Edwards raigne,*

'Thrice shed her Teeth, which three times came a-

The *High-land Scots* and the *Wilde-Irish* are (gaine.

Long liv'd with Labour hard, and temperate fare.

Amongst the Barbarous *Indians* some live strong

And lusty, neere two hundred winters long ?

So as I said before, my Verse now sayes

By wronging Nature, men cut off their dayes.

Therefore

*The Life of Thomas Parr.*

Therefore (as Times are) He I now write on,  
The age of all in *Britane* hath out gone;  
All those that were alive when he had Birth,  
Are turn'd againe unto their mother earth,  
If any of them live, and doe replye,  
I will be sorry, and confess I lye.  
For had he bin a *Marchant*, then perhaps  
Stormes, Thunderclaps, or feare of Afterclaps,  
Sands, Rocks, or Roving Pyrats, Gusts and stormes  
Had made him (long ere this) the food of worms;  
Had he a *Mercer*, or a *Silk-man* bin,  
And trusted much in hope great gaine to win,  
And late and early striv'd to get or save,  
His Gray head long ere now had been i'th Grave.  
Or had he been a *Judge* or *Magistrate*,  
Or of Great Counsell in Affaires of state  
Then dayes important businesse, and nights cares  
Had long ere this, Interr'd his hoary haires:  
But as I writ before, no cares opprest him,  
Nor ever did Affaires of State molest him.  
Some may object, that they will not believe  
His Age to be so much, for none can give  
Account thereof, Time being past so far,  
And at his Birth there was no Register.  
The Register was ninety seven yeares since  
Giv'n by th'eight *Henry* (that Illustrious Prince)

D 2

Th'yeare

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Account thereof, Time being past so far,  
And at his Birth there was no Register.  
The Register was ninty seven yeares since  
Giv'n by th'eight *Henry* (that Illustrious Prince)

*The very Old Man: or*

Th'yeare fifteene hundred fourty wanting twaine)  
And in the thirtieth yeare of that Kings raigne ;  
So old *Parr* now, was almost an old man ,  
Neere sixty ere the Register began.  
I have writ as much as Reason can require,  
How Times did passe, how's Leases did expire ;  
And Gentlemen o'th County did Relate  
T'our gracious King by their Certificate (him;  
His age, & how time w<sup>th</sup> gray haires hath crownd  
And so I leave him older than I found him.

---

*A Poscript.*

**T**He changes of Manners, the variations of Customes, the mutability of Times, the shiftings of Fashions, the alterations of Religions, the diversities of Sects, and the intermixture of Accidents which hath hapned since the Birth of this old *Thomas Parr*, in this Kingdom; although all of them are not to be held worthy of mentioning, yet many of them are worthy to be had in memory.

In the sixth yeare of his Age, and in the second yeare of the raigne of King *Henry* the seventh, one *Lambert Simnell*, (the Son of a Baker) claimed the Crowne, and was crowned King of *Ireland*, and Proclaimed King of *England* in the Citie of *Dublin*: This Paltry fellow did put the King to much cost and trouble, for hee landed with an Army at *Fowdrey* in *Lancashire*, and at a place called *Stoke*, the King met him, and after a sharpe and short Battell, overcame and tooke him, and pardoning him his Life, gave him a Turn-broaches place in the Kitchin, and afterwards made him one of his Faulconers.

*Anno. 1487.*

In the tenth yeare of his Age, and the eighth of *Henry* the seventh another Yongster, whose name was *Perken Warbeck* (as some write, a Tinkers Son in *Tournay*) some say his Father was a Jew; notwithstanding,

### *A Postscript.*

standing, he likewise put the King to much charge and trouble, for he was assisted with Soldiers from *Scotland* and *France*; besides, many joyned with him in *England*, till at the last, the King tooke him, and (on his true Confession, pardon'd him) hee falling againe to his old Practice, was executed at *Tyburne*. 1499.

The same yeare also, a Shoomakers Son, dwelling in *Bishopsgate-street*, likewise claimed the Crowne, under the name of *Edward*, Earle of *Warwick*, the Son of *George*, Duke of *Clarence*, Brother to King *Edward* the fourth; but this yong Shoomaker ended his claime in a halter at *Saint Thomas a Waterings*; which was a warning for him, not to surpass *Ne Sutor Ulra Crepidam*.

Another Counterfeit, the Son of a Miller claimed the Crowne, (in the second yeare of *Queene Maries* raigne) saying that hee was King *Edward* the sixt; but the tenth of *May*, 1552, those Royall Opinions were whip'd out of him for a while, till hee fell to his old claime agen, and purchas'd a hanging the thirteenth of *March* following. So much for Impostures and Counterfeits.

For Religion, hee hath knowne the Times of divers Sects and Changes, as the Romish Catholick Religion from his Birth, till the 24 yeare of King *Henry* the eight, the time of 50 years: And then the 26 of his raigne (the Kings understanding being Illuminated from above) hee cast the Popes Authority out of this Kingdome, 1534, and reitored the Ancient and Primitive Religion, which continued under the Title of *Protestants*, till the end of his Son, King *Edward* the sixt his raign, which was neer about 20 years, then was a bloudy alteration, or return to Papistry for more than 5 years, all the raign of Queen *Mary*; since whose death, the Protestant Religion again was happily restored, continued, and maintained by the Defenders of the True, Ancient, Catholike, and Apostolike Faith, these 66 years and more, under the blessed Governments of *Queene Elizabeth*, King *James*, and King *Charles*. All which time, *Thomas Parr* hath not been troubled in mind for either the building or throwing downe of Abbyes, and Religious Hous's; nor did hee ever murmur at the manner of Prayers, let them be Latin or English, hee held it safest to be of the Religion of the King or *Queene* that were in being; for he knew that hee came raw into the world, and accounted it no point of Wisedome to be broyled out of it: His name was never questioned for affirming or denying the Kings Supremacie: He hath known the

### A Poiscript.

time when men were so mad as to kneele downe and pray before a Blocke, a Stock, a Stone, a Picture, or a Relique of a Hee or Shee Saint departed; and he liv'd in a time when mad men would not bow their knee at the name of *Iesu*; that are more afraid to see a white Surplice, than to weare a white Sheet; that despise the Crosse (in any thing but mony) that hold Latin to be the language of the Best, and hate it deadly because the Pope speaks it; that would patch up a Religion with untemper'd Morter, out of their owne Braines, not grounded upon the true Corner-stone; who are furnish'd with a lazy idle *Faith*; that holds good workes a maine Point of Popery; that hold their Religion truest, because it is contrary to all Order and Discipline, both of Church and Common-wealth: These are sprung up since old *Tom Parr* was borne.

But he hath out-liv'd many Sectaries and Heretikes. For in the 32 yeare of the raigne of King *Henry the eighth*, 1540. the 3 of May, three Annabaptists were burnt in the High-way, between Southwark and Newington. In the fourth yeare of King *Edward the sixt*, one *George of Paris*, a Dutchman, was burn'd in *Smithfield*, for being an Arian Heretike, 1551. 1583, One *John Lewis* denied the God-head of Christ, was burnt at *Norwich*, in the 36 yeare of *Elizabeth*. Not long before that, there was one *Jone Butcher* (Alias) *Jone of Kent*, burnt for the like.

In the third yeare of *Queene Elizabeth's raigne*, one *William Geffrey* affirmed one *John Moore* to be Christ, but they were both whip'd out of that presumptuous Opinion, 1561.

In the 17 of *Queene Elizabeth*, the Sect of the Family of Love began 1575, but it tooke no deep root.

In the 21 of *Queene Elizabeth*, one *Mathew Hamont* was burn'd at *Norwich* for denying Christ to be our Saviour.

In the 33 of *Queene Elizabeth*, one *William Hacket* was hang'd for professing himselfe to be Christ, 1591.

In the 9 yeare of king *James*, the 11 of *Aprrill*, 1611, one *Edward Wightman* was burn'd at *Lichfield* for Arianisme.

So much have I written concerning Sects and Heresies which have beeene in this Kingdome in his time, now I treate of some other Passages.

Hee hath out-liv'd fix great Plagues. Hee was borne long before we had much use of Printing: for it was brought into this Kingdome

## *A Postscript.*

dome 1472, and it was long after ere it was in use.

Hee was above 80 yeares old before any Gunnes were made in England, 1535.

The Vintoners sold no Sacks, Muscadels, Malmseys, Bastards, Allegants, nor any other Wines but White and Claret, till the 33 yeare of King Henry the eight 1543, and then was Old Parr 60 yeares of age: all those sweet Wines were sold till that time at the Apothecaries for no other use, but for Medicines.

There was no Starch used in England. A Flaunders woman, one Mistris Dinghen Vanden Plasse brought in the use of Starck, 1564: and then was this man neere 80 yeares old.

There were no Bands worne till King Henry the eights time; for hee was the first King that ever wore a Band in England, 1513.

Womens Masques, Busks, Mustes; Fannes, Periwigs, and Bockins, were invented by Italian Curtezans, and transported through France into England, in the ninth of Queene Elizabeth.

Tobacco was first brought into England by Sir Iohn Hawkins, 1565, but it was first brought into use by Sir Walter Rawlegh many yeares after.

He was 81 yeares old before there was any Coach in England: for the first that ever was seene here, was brought out of the Netherlands, by one William Boone, a Dutch-man, who gave a Coach to Queen Elizabeth, (for she had been seven yeares a Queen before she had any Coach) since when, they have increased (with a mischiefe) and rui'nd all the best Houle-keeping, to the undoing of the Watermen, by the multitudes of Hackney or hired Coaches: but they never swarmed so thick to pester the streets, as they doe now, till the yeare 1605, and then was the Gun-powder Treason hatch'd, and at that time did the Coaches breed and multiply.

He hath out-liv'd the Fashion, at least 40 times over and over.

He hath known many Changes of Scarcity (or Dearth) and Plenty: but I will speake only of the Plenty.

In the yeare 1499, the 15 of Henry 7, Wheat was sold for 4. s. the quarter, or 6. d. the bushell, and Bay salt at 4. d. and Wine at 40 shillings the Tun, (which is about three farrthings the quart.)

In the first of Queen Mary, Beere was sold for sixpence the Barrell, (the Caske and all) and three great loaves for one penny.

In the yeare 1557, the fift of Queen Mary, the Penny Wheaten loafe

### A Postscript.

Loafe was in weight, 56 ounces, and in many places people would change a Bushell of Corne for a Pound of Candles.

So much shall suffice for the declaring of some Changes and Alterations that have hapned in his time.

Now for a Memoriall of his Name, Ile give a little touch. I will not search for the Antiquity of the name of Parr, but I find it to be an Honorable name in the 12 yeare of King Edward the fourth, the King sent Sir William Parr Knight, to cease upon the Archbishop of York Goods, at a place called the More, in Hartfeildmore, 1472: this Sir William Parr was Knight of the Right Honourable Order of the Garter.

In the 22 of Edward the fourth, the same Sir William Parr went with an Army towards Scotland, with Richard Duke of Gloster.

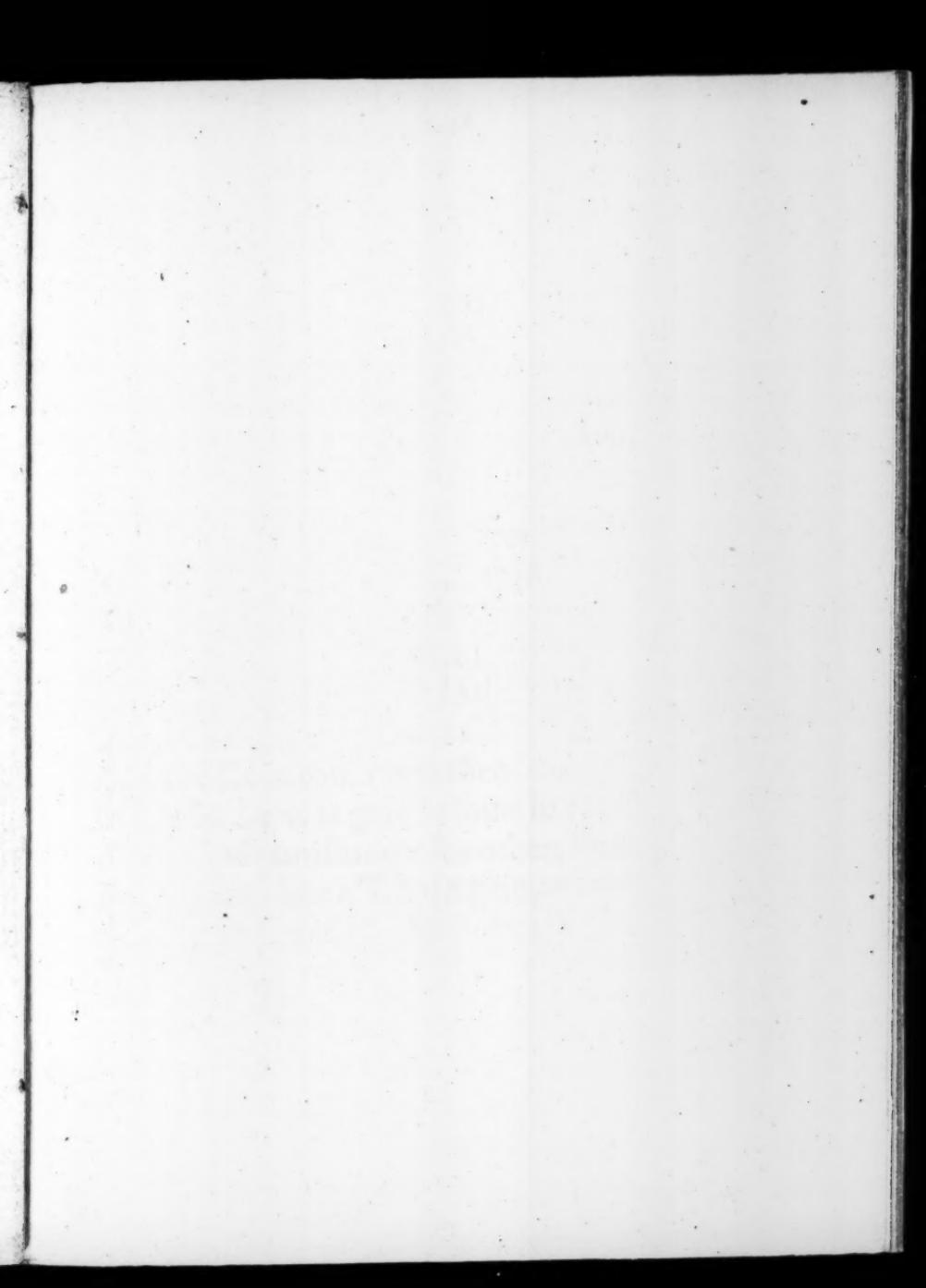
In the yearc 1543, the 35 yeare of King Henry the eight, July 23, the King was married to Lady Katherin Parr, and the 24 of Decem. following, the Queches Brother, William Lord Parr, was created Earle of Essex, and Sir William Parr their Uncle was made Lord Parr of Horron, and Chamberlaine to the Queene, and the first of King Edward the sixt, William Parr, Earle of Essex was created Marquesse of Northampton; and in the 4 yeare of King Edwards raigne 1550, the said Marquesse was made Lord Great Chamberlaine of England, and on the last of April, 1552, hee (amongst other Lords) Mustred 100 brave well appointed Horsmen of his owne charge before King Edward in the Park at Greenwich (his Cognisance or Crest being the Maydenhead) in the first of Queene Mary hee tooke part with the Lady Jane against the Queen, for which he was taken and committed to the Tower, July 26, and (contrary to expectation) released againe shortly after, March 24.

Also the first of Queene Elizabeth, William Parr, Marquesse of Northampton late in Westminister Hall, Lord High Steward, upon a Tryall of William Lord Wentworth, (who had been late Lord Deputy of Caleis; which noble Lord Wentworth, came off most Honourably acquitted, April 22.

After the death of King Henry the eight, Queene Katherin Parr was married to Sir Thomas Seymour, Lord High Admirall, and she dyed the 2 of September, 1548.

And thus I lay downe the Pen, leaving it to whomsoever can, or will make more of this Old Man, than I have

DONE.





Old Man  
Wears Many  
Pendants  
of Silver

# The Old, Old Very Old Man:

O R.

The Age and long Life of Thomas Parr,  
the Son of John Parr of Wimington in the  
Parish of Alberbury; in the County of  
Salop. (or Shropshire) who was Born in  
the Raigne of King Edward the 4<sup>th</sup>. A.D.  
ing aged 152 years and odd  
Monethes.

His Manner of Life and Conversation  
in so long a Pilgrimage; his Marriages;  
and his bringing up to London about  
the end of September last. 1635.

Whereunto is Added a Postscript, shewing  
the many remarkable Accidents that  
hapned in the Life of this Old Man.

---

Written by JOHN TAYLOR.

---

LONDON,

for Henry Coffin, at the Sign  
of the Golden Bridle, near to the Gate

bio bio bio  
usM bio vey

The King of England has agreed to  
the terms of the Treaty of Nanking  
to settle the Country of  
China (to establish a  
Government in  
the Kingdom of  
England, and  
to give up  
all claims to  
the Country of  
China.

Alperenmato si Abbado e Poggiolini, il cui ruolo  
sia nella letteratura Accademica sia  
nella vita culturale.

зональной геоморфологии

Printed for Mrs. G. L. as this shop  
contains the best material.

TO  
THE HIGH AND  
MIGHTIE PRINCE,  
CHARLES, By the Grace of God,  
King of great Britaine, France and  
Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c

¶ F Subjects (my dread Esteeme) I manifest  
You have the old'ſt, the greatest, & the leaſt  
That for an Old, a Great, and Little man,  
No kingdom (sure) compare with Britain can  
One, for his extraordinary ſtature,  
Guards well your gates, by iſtincts of Natur  
(As hee is strong) is Loyall, True, and Juſt,  
Fit, and moſt able, for his Charge and Truſt.  
The other's ſmallant & well composed feature  
Deſerves the Title of a Pretty Creature:  
And doth (or may) retaine as good a mind  
As Greater men, and be as well inclin'd:

The Very Old Man : or

Thus having shew'd th'extencion of his Age,  
I'll shew some Actions of his Pilgrimage.

A tedious time a Batchelour hee carried,  
Full eightie yeares of age before he married:  
His Continence, to question I'll not call,  
Mans frailtie's weake, and oft doth slip and fall.  
No doubt but hee in foursoore yeares might find  
In Salop's Countie, females faire and kind :  
But what have I to doe with that ; let passe,  
At th'age aforesaid hee first married was  
To Jane, John Taylors Daughter; and 'tis said,  
That she (before he had her) was a Mayd.  
With her he liv'd years three times ten and two,  
And then she dy'd (as all good wifes will doe.)  
She dead, he ten yeares did a Widdower stay ;  
Then once more entered in the Wedlock way :  
And in affection to his first wife Jane,  
Hee tooke another of that name againe ;  
(With whom he now doth live) she was a widow  
To one name'd Anthony (and surname'd Adder)  
She was (as by report it doth appeare)  
Of Gillfels Parish, in Montgomery-shire,  
The Daughter of John Lloyde (corruptly Flood)  
Of ancient house, and gentle Cambrian Blood.

But hold, I had forgot, in's first wifes Time,  
Hee frayly, foully, fell into a Crime,

Which

*The Life of Thomas Parr.*

Which richer, poorer, older men, and younger,  
More base, more noble, weaker men, and stronger  
Have fallen into.

The Cytherean, or the Paphian game,  
That thundring Jupiter did oft inflame ;  
Most cruell cut-throat Mars layd by his Armes,  
And was a slave to Loves Inchanting charmes,  
And many a Pagan god, and semi-god,  
The common road of lustfull love hath trod :  
For from the Emp'rour to the russet Clowne,  
All states, each sex, from Cottage to the Crowne,  
Have in all Ages since the first Creation,  
Bin soyl'd, & overthrown with Loves temptation :  
So was old Thomas, for he chanc'd to spy  
A Beauty, and Love entred at his eye,  
Whose pow'full motion drew on sweet consent,  
Consent drew Action, Action drew Content,  
But when the period of those joyes were past,  
Those sweet delights were sounctly sauc'd at last.  
The flesh retaines, what in the Bone is bited,  
And one Coks tooth was then in old Toms head,  
It may be he was guld as some hay-bis,  
And suffred punishment for others sinne ;  
For pleasures like a Trap, a grin, or snare,  
Or (like a painted harlot) seemes most faire ;  
But when she goes away, and takes her leave,  
No ugly Beast so foul a shape can have. Fair

The very Old Man: or

Faire Katherin Mikon, was this Beauty bright,  
(Faire like an Angell, but in weight too light)  
Whose fervent feature did inflame so far  
The Ardent fervour of old Thomas Parr,  
That for Lawes satisfaction, 'twas thought meet,  
He should be purg'd, by standing in a Sheet,  
Which aged (He) one hundred and five yeare,  
In Alberbury's Parish Church did weare.  
Should All that so offend, such Penance doe,  
Oh, what a price would Linnen rise unto,  
All would be turn'd to sheets, our shirts & smocks  
Our Table linnen, very Porters Frocks  
Would hardly scape trans-forming, but all's one,  
He suffred, and his Punishment is done.

But to proceed, more serious in Relation,  
He is a Wonder, worthy Admiration,  
Hee's (in thes times fill'd with Iaiquity)  
No Antiquary, but Antiquity,  
For his Longevity's of such extent,  
That hee's a living mortall Monument,  
And as high Towres, (that seeme the sky to shoulde)  
By eating Time consume away, and molder, (der)  
Untill at last in piece meale they do fall,  
Till they are buried in their Ruines  
So this Old Man, his limbs their strength have left,  
His teeth all gone, (but one) his sight bereft,

His

The Life of Thomas Parke.

His sinewes shrunk, his blood midst chill and cold,  
Small solace, Imperfections manifold.  
Yet still his sp'rits possesse his mortall Trunk;  
Not are his senses in his ruines shrunk,  
But that his Hearing's quicke, his stomacke good,  
Hee'll feed well, sleep well, well digest his food,  
Hee will speake heartily, laugh, and be merry;  
Drinke Ale, and now and then a cup of Sherry;  
Loves Company, and Vnderstanding talke,  
And (on both sides held up) will sometimes walk.  
And though old Age his face with wrinckles fill,  
He hath been handsome, and is comely still,  
Well fac'd, and though his Beard not oft corrected,  
Yet neate it growes, not like a Beard neglected,  
From head to heele, his body hath alPover,  
A Quick-set, Thick-set nat'rall hairy cover.  
And thus (as my dull weake Invention can)  
I have Anatomiz'd this poore Old Man.

Though Age be incident to most transgressing,  
Yet Time well spent, makes Age to be a blessing.  
And if our studies would but daign to look,  
And seriously to ponder Natures Booke,  
We there may read, that Man, the noblest Creature,  
By riot and excesse doth murder Nature.  
This man nec'd on deare compounded dishes,  
Of Metamorphos'd beasts, fruits, fowls, kned fishes,

The every Old Man; or

The earth, and ayre, the boundlesse Ocean  
Were never tak'd nor forrag'd for this Man;  
Nor ever did Physician to this cost) in q[ui] aid him to Y  
Send purging Physick through his guts in post to M  
In all his life time he was never knowne,  
That drinkingg others healths, he lost his dyng;  
The Dutch, the French, the Greek, and Spain/b/Grapc,  
Vpon his reason never made a Rapt; in D[omi]ne A[ve] Maria  
For Ryot, is for Troy an Annagram.  
And Ryot warred They, withis wroth and flamo; b[ea]t  
And surely that which will a Kingdome spelly be A  
Hath much more power one silly man to kill; and sh  
Whilst sensuality the Pallet pleases, d[omi]ne b[ea]t us now  
The body's fill'd with syfets, and diseases; b[ea]t us now  
By Ryot (more than War) men slaughtered be; m[iser]y  
From which confusion this Old Man is free; O A  
He once was catch'd in the Venerall Sin, a[nd] b[ea]t  
And (being punisht) did expributiong; a[nd] b[ea]t  
That carefull feare his Conscience so did stike, T  
He never would againe attempt the like; w[or]ship God Y  
Which to our understandings may expresse; b[ea]t  
Mens dayes are shortned through lasciviousnesse; b[ea]t  
And that a competent contening Dyet; b[ea]t  
Makes men live long, and soundly sleep in quiet; S  
Mistakes me not, I speake not to debaron us; b[ea]t  
Good fare of all sorte, for all Christians; b[ea]t  
O M[ari]e

Made

The Life of Thomas Park.

Made for mans use, and may by Man be us'd,  
Not by voracious Gluttony abus'd.  
For hee that dares to scandalize deprave  
Good houſ-keeping; Oh hang up ſuch a Knave,  
Rather command what is not to be ſound)  
Then injure that which makes the world renowned.  
Bonny hath got a ſpicie of Lettage, all over boord  
And liberall noble Hauſtality  
Lyes in conſumption, almoſt pin'd to death,  
And Charitie beurntly neere about Breath:  
May Englands few good houſ-keepers be bleſſed  
With endleſſe Glory, and eternall Rest;  
And may their Goods, Lands, and their happy ſeed  
With heavns bleſſings multiply and increaſe.  
'Tis madneſſe to buiſt heigh wiſh ſtone and lime,  
Great houſes, that may ſetme the Clouds to cliue  
With ſpacious Halls, large Galleries, rarer rooms  
Fit to receive a King, Peeres, Squires and Groomes,  
Amongſt which rooms, the devill hath purſe, Wiſch  
And madd a ſmall Thare-hole the Kitchingſt  
For Catheres ſcrafte the Mint of Mischiefe is purſed  
And Chriftian Bonny the Highway to Blifſe  
To weare a Paron on ſhoſt ſtrings edg'd with gold,  
And ſpangled Gaſters, with a Coopy hold  
A hofe and abber, which a Lut defiſe, thib  
A gawdy cloake (thoſe Marouys price almoſt)

The Tawny Old Man : or

A Beaver, Band, and Feather for the head,  
(Priz'd at the Churchies tythe, the poor mans bread)  
For which the Weavers are fear'd, and abhor'd of  
Like Iacobians golden Calves ador'd.

This doubt, treble aged man, I wot,  
Knowes and rememb'res when these things were  
Good wholesome labour was his exercise,  
Down w<sup>th</sup> the Lamb, & with the Lark would rise,  
In myc and coyling sweat hee spent the day,  
And (to his Teame) dee whistled Time away:  
The Clock his nighc Clock, and till day was done,  
His Watch, and chiefe Sun-Dial, was the Sun.  
Hee wps of old Pythagoras opinion,  
That greene cheese was most wholesome (with an  
Course Mescalin bread), and for his daily swig,  
Milk, Butter-milk, and Water, Whay, and Whig,  
Sometimes Metherglin, and by fortune happy,  
Hee sometimes sipp'd a Cup of Ale most happy,  
Syder, or Petty, when hee did repaise  
T<sup>e</sup> Whitson Ale, Wake, Wedding, or a Faire,  
Or when in Christm<sup>t</sup>s time hee was a Guest  
At his good Land-lords house amongst the rest:  
Else hee had little leasure Time to waste,  
Or (at the Alehouse) binne-cap Ale to taste,  
Nor did hee evet hunt a Tavern<sup>t</sup> Fox,  
Nere knew a Coach, Tobacco, or the Pox;

His

*The Life of Thomas Parr.*

His Physick was good Butter, which the soyle  
Of Salop yields, more sweet than Candy oyle,  
And Garlick hee esteem'd above the rate  
Of Venice-Triacle, or best Mithridate.  
Hee entertain'd no Gown, no Ache hee felt,  
The ayre was good, and temp'rat where he dwelt,  
Whilst Marisses, and sweet tongu'd Nightingales  
Did chant him Roundelayes, and Madrigals,  
Thus living within bounds of Natures Lawes,  
Of his long lasting life may be some cause.  
For though th'almighty all mans daies do measure,  
And doth dispose of life and death at pleasure,  
Yet Nature being wrong'd, mans dayes and date  
May be abridg'd; and God may tollerate.

But had the Father of this *Thomas Parr*,  
His Grand-father, and his Great grand-father,  
Had their lives threds so long a length been spun,  
They (by succession) might from Sire to Son  
Have been unwritten Chronicles, and by  
Tradition shew Times mutability.  
Then *Parr* might say he heard his Father well,  
Say that his Grand-sire heard his Father tell  
The death of famous *Edward the Confessor*,  
(*Harrold*) and *William Conquerour* his successor,  
How his Son *Robert wan Jerusalem*,  
Ore-came the Sarazens, and Conquer'd them:

The Every Old Man : or

How Rufus reign'd, and's Brother Henry next,  
And how usurping Stew'n this Kingdome vext :  
How Maud the Empress (the first Henryes daughter)  
To gaine her Right, fill'd England full of slaughter:  
Of seconde Henry's Rosamond the faire,  
Of Richard Cuer-de-lyon, his brave heire,  
King John, and of the soule fuspition  
Of Arturus death, Johns elder Brothers Son.  
Of the third Henry's long raigne (sixty yeares)  
The Barons wars, the losse of wrangling Peeres,  
How Long-shanks did the Scots & French convince,  
Tame'd Wales, and made his haples son their Prince.  
How seconde Edward was Carnarvon call'd,  
Beaten by Scots, and by his Queen inthrall'd.  
How the third Edward, fifty yeares did raigne,  
And thonor'd Garters Order did ordaine.  
Next how the seconde Richard liv'd and dy'd,  
And how fourth Henryes faction did divide  
The Realme with civill (most uncivill) war  
Twixt long contending Yorke and Lancast're.  
How the fist Henry sway'd, and how his son  
Sixt Henry, a sad Pilgrimage did run.  
Then of fourth Edward, and faire Mistresse Shore,  
King Edwards Concubine Lord Hastings (—)(H)  
Then how fist Edward, murthered with a trick  
Of the third Richard, and then how that Dick  
Was.

*The Life of Thomas Parr.*

Was by seventh Henryes slaine at Bosworth field ;  
How he and's son th' eighth Henry, here did wield  
The Scepter, how sixt Edward swayd,  
How Mary rul'd, and how that roiall Mayd  
*Elizabeth* did Governe (best of Dames )  
And *Phenix*-like expir'd, and how just *James*  
(Another *Phenix*) from her Ashes claimes  
The right of *Britaines* Soepter, as his owne,  
But (changing for a better) left the Crowne  
Where now 'tis, with King *Charles*, and may it be  
With him, and his most blest Posterity  
Till time shall end ; be they on Earth renown'd,  
And after with Eternity be crown'd.  
Thus had *Parr* had good breeding, (without rea-  
Hee from his sire, and Grand-sires fire proceeding,  
By word of chouth might tell most famous things  
Done in the Raignt of altheast Queens and Kings.  
But hee in Husbandry hath bin brought up,  
And nere did taste the *Heliopian* cup,  
He nere knew History, nor in brasid did keepe  
Ought, but the price of Crome, Hay, Kine, or Sheep.  
Day found him work, and night allowed him rest,  
Nor did Affaires of State his braine trouble,  
His high'st Ambition was, to see to top  
Or at the furthest to a day-poles top; his strok o'T  
His Recreacion, and his Mirth his disoulsing poeple  
Hath been the Pyper, and the Hobby-hors. And

The every Old Man : or

And in this simple sort, hee hath with paine,  
From Childhood liv'd to bee a Child againe.  
Tis strange, a man that is in yeares so growne  
Should not be rich; but to the world tis knowne,  
That hee that's borne in any Land, or Nation,  
Vnder a Twelye-pence Planet's Domination,  
(By working of that Planets influence)  
Shall never live to be worth thirteene pence.  
Whereby (although his Learning cannot show it)  
Hee's rich enough to be (like mee) a Poet.

But er'e I doe conclude, I will relate  
Of reverend Age's Honourable state;  
Where shall a young man good Instructions have,  
But from the Ancient, from Experience grave?  
*Roboam, (Sonne and Heire to Solomon)*  
Rejecting ancient Counsell, was undone  
Almost, for ten of the twelve Tribes fell  
*To Jeroboam King of Israel.*  
And all wise Princes, and great Potentates  
Select and chuse Old men, as Magistrates,  
Whose Wisedome, and whose reverend Aspect,  
Knowes hovv and when to punish or protect.  
The Patriarkes long lives before the Flood,  
Were given them (as tis rightly understood)  
To shre and multiply by pre-creations,  
That people should inhabit and breed Nations.  
That

*The Life of Thomas Pur.*

That th' Ancients their Posterities might show  
The secrets Deepe of Nature, how to know  
To scale the skie with learn'd *Astronomy*,  
And sound the *Oceans* deepe profundity;  
But chieflly how to serve, and to obey  
*God*, who did make them out of slime and clay;  
Should men live now, as long as they did then,  
The Earth could not sustaine the Breed of Men.  
Each man had many wives, which Bigamie,  
Was such increase to their Posterity,  
That one old man might see before he dy'd,  
That his owne only off-spring had supply'd  
And Peopled Kingdomes.  
But now so brittle's the estate of man,  
That (in Comparison) his life's a span.  
Yet since the Flood it may be proved plaine,  
That many did a longer life retaine,  
Than him I write of; for *Arpachbad* liv'd  
Foure hundred thirty eight, *Shelab* surviv'd  
Foure hundred thirty three yeares, *Eber* more,  
For he liv'd twice two hundred sixty four.  
Two hundered yeares *Terah* was alive,  
And *Abr'ham* liv'd one hundred seventy five.  
Before *Job's* Troubles, holy writ relates,  
His sons and daughters were at marriage states,  
And after his restoring, 'tis most cleare,

D

That

*The very Old Man : or*

That he surviv'd one hundred forty yeare.

*John Buttadeus* (if report be true)

Is his name that is stil'd, *The Wandering Jew*,

"Tis said, he saw our Saviour dye ; and how

He was a man then, and is living now ;

Whereof Relations you (that will) may reade ;

But pardon me, 'tis no part of my Creed.

*Vpon a Germanes Age*, 'tis written thus,

That one *Johannes de Temporibus*

Was Armour-bearer to brave *Charlemaigne*,

And that unto the age he did attaine

Of yeares three hundred sixty one, and then

Old *John of Times* return'd to Earth agen.

And Noble *Nestor*, at the siege of *Troy*,

Had liv'd three hundred yeares both Man and boy.

*Sir Walter Rawleigh* (a most learned Knight)

Doth of an *Irish Countesse*, *Desmond*, write,

Of seven score yeares of Age, he with her spake :

The Lord Saint *Albanes* doth more mention make

That she was Married in Fourth *Edwards* raigne,

'Thrice shed her Teeth, which three times came a-

The *High-land Scots* and the *Wilde- Irish* are *Gaine*.

Long liv'd with Labour hard, and temperate fare.

Amongst the Barbarous *Indians* some live strong

And lusty, neere two hundred winters long ?

So as I said before, my Verse now sayes

By wronging Nature, men cut off their dayes.

*The Life of Thomas Parr.*

Therefore (as Times are) He I now write on,  
The age of all in *Britano* hath out gone;  
~~All~~ those that were alive when he had Birth,  
Are turn'd againe unto their mother earth,  
If any of them live, and doe replye,  
I will be sorry, and confesse I lye.  
For had he bin a *Marchant*, then perhaps  
Stormes, Thunderclaps, or feare of Afterclaps,  
Sands, Rocks, or Roving Pyrats, Gusts and stormes  
Had made him (long ere this) the food of worms.  
Had he a *Mercer*, or a *Silk-man* bin,  
And trusted much in hope great gaine to win,  
And late and early striv'd to get or save  
His Gray head long ere now had been i'th Graw.  
Or had he been a *Judge* or *Magistrate*,  
Or of Great Counsell in Affaires of state  
Then dayes important busynesse, and nights cares  
Had long ere this, Interr'd his hoary haires :  
But as I writ before, no cares opprest him,  
Nor ever did Affaires of State molest him.  
Some may object, that they will not believe  
His Age to be so much, for none can give  
Account thereof, Time being past so far,  
And at his Birth there was no Register.  
The Register was ninety seven yeares since  
Giv'n by th'eight *Henry* (that Illustrious Prince)